

No. 28
DEC.
JAN.



A SUPERMAN
PUBLICATION
DC

Leading COMICS

A 52 PAGE MAGAZINE

TEN
CENTS

featuring
**PETER
PORKCHOPS**



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BLACK STRIPES ON WHITE,
OR WHITE ONES ON BLACK,
WE DON'T KNOW QUITE—
BUT ZEBRAS ALL KNOW,
FOR COMIC BOOKS BEST,
THE ONES WITH THIS SYMBOL
EXCEL ALL THE REST!



-ON THE COVER OF
**BOY
COMMANDOS**,
FOR EXAMPLE,
IT'S YOUR
GUARANTEE
OF THE **BEST**
IN ANY COMIC
MAGAZINE!

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PETER PORKCHOPS

TRA LA TRA LA TRA LA ...
WHAT A WONDERFUL DAY TO
SPEND ON THE WATER.

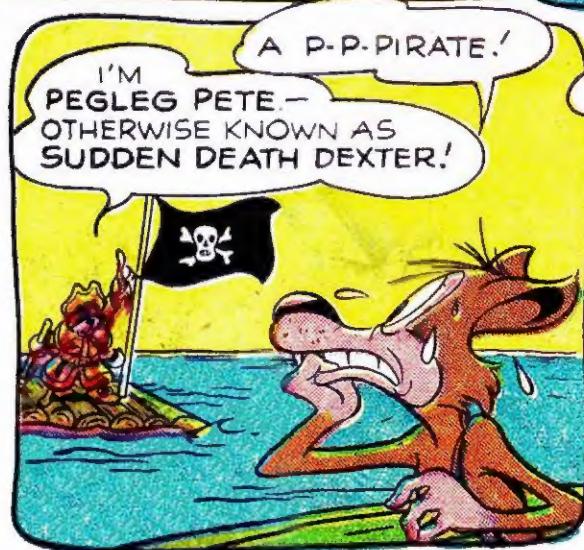


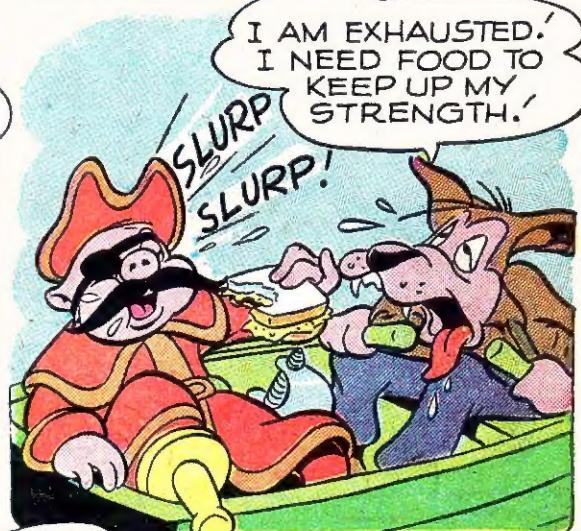
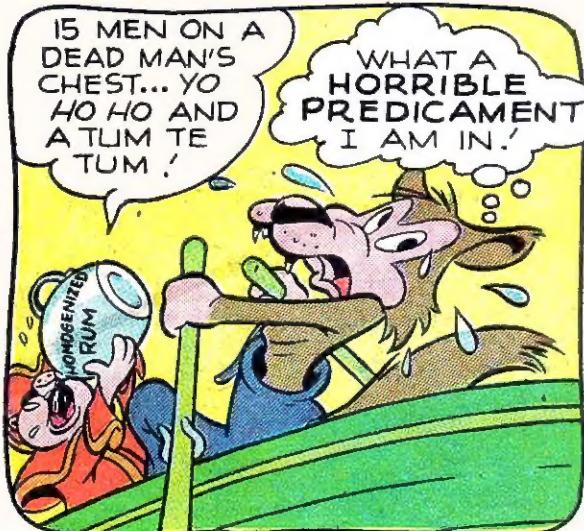
HOW TRUE!

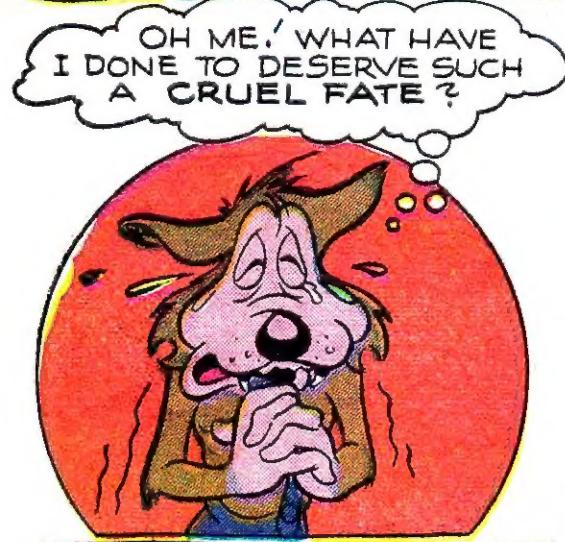
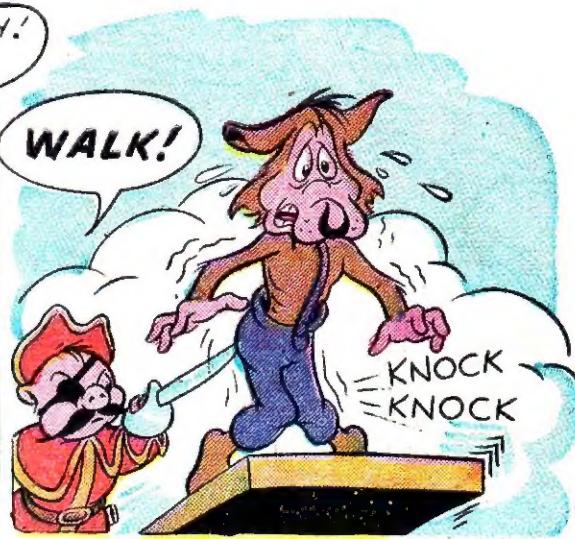
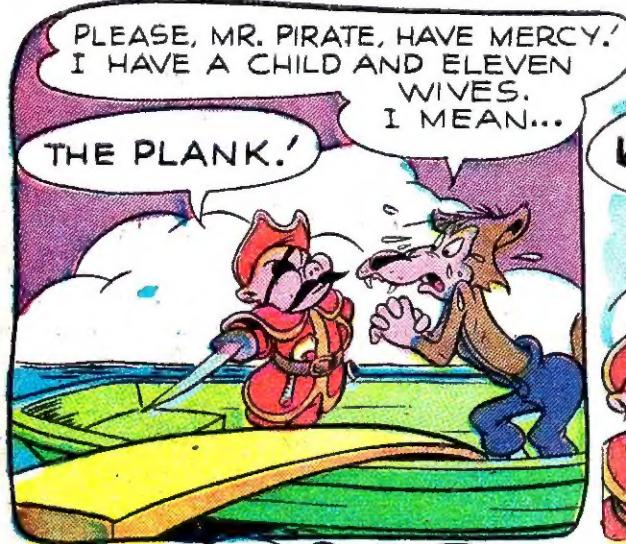


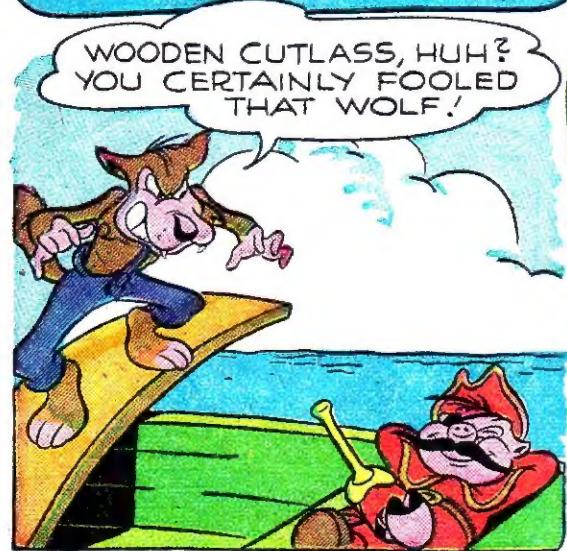
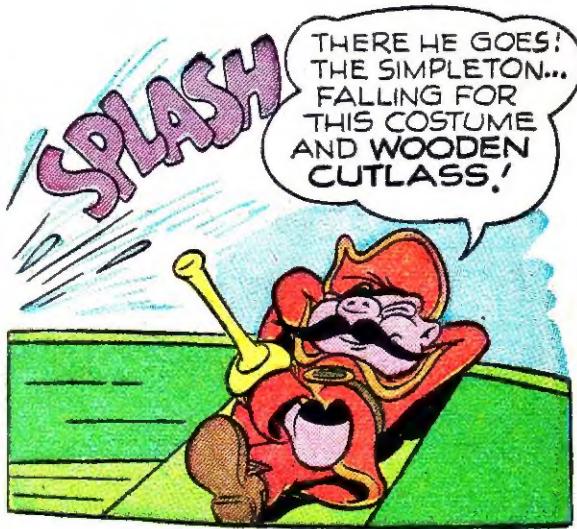
ONLY YOU MADE A SLIGHT
MISTAKE IN GRAMMAR,
MY BOY!

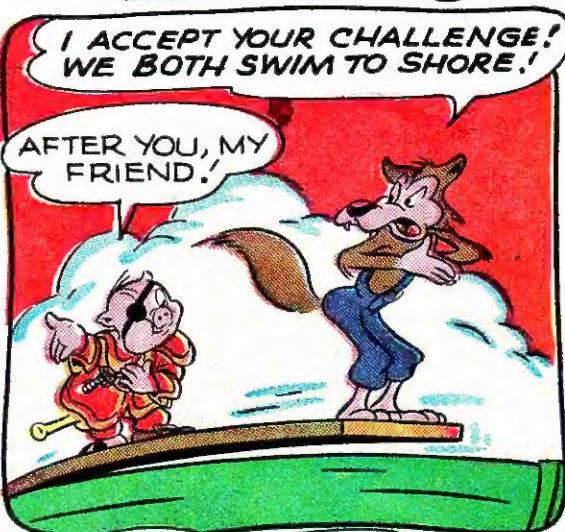
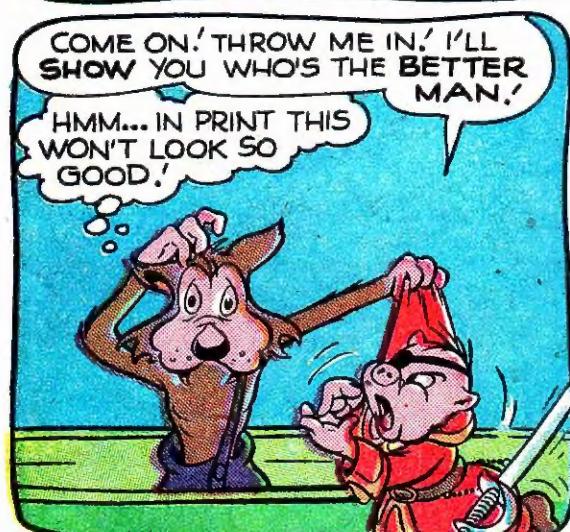
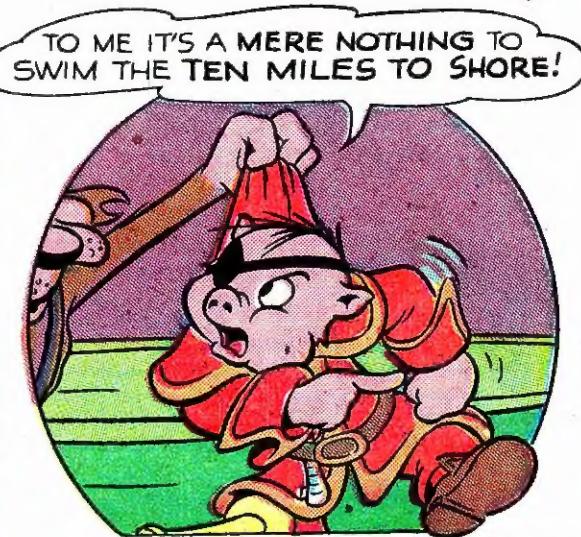






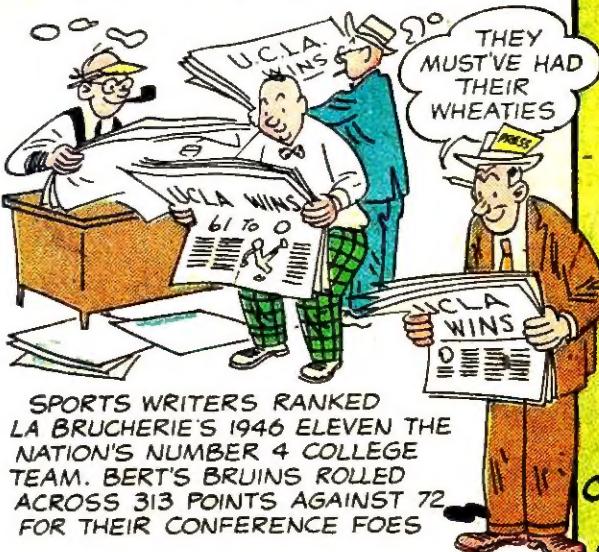








IN 1946 -- ONLY HIS
SECOND YEAR AS U.C.L.A.
COACH -- LA BRUCHERIE
LED THE CALIFORNIANS
TO AN UNDEFEATED CHAMPIONSHIP OF
THE PACIFIC COAST CONFERENCE



SPORTS WRITERS RANKED
LA BRUCHERIE'S 1946 ELEVEN THE
NATION'S NUMBER 4 COLLEGE
TEAM. BERT'S BRUINS ROLLED
ACROSS 313 POINTS AGAINST 72
FOR THEIR CONFERENCE FOES

MY BOYS OFTEN HEAR ME
RECOMMEND A BIG BOWL
OF MILK, FRUIT, AND WHEATIES,
BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS, AS
A TOP-FLIGHT TRAINING DISH," SAYS BERT
LA BRUCHERIE. "IT'S MY FAVORITE
BREAKFAST DISH. THOSE CRISP WHOLE
WHEAT FLAKES, WHEATIES, HAVE A FLAVOR
THAT'S HIT IT OFF WITH MY APPETITE
FOR YEARS."

BERT
LA BRUCHERIE
COACH OF THE
CHAMPION
U.C.L.A. BRUINS



WHEATIES
**"BREAKFAST
OF CHAMPIONS"**

WITH MILK AND FRUIT

"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions"
are registered trade marks of
General Mills, Inc.

Tootsie Roll

Captain

RADAR
RESCUE

© 1962 Tootsie Roll Industries, Inc.

CAPT. TOOTSIE AND THE SECRET LEGION VISIT A MOUNTAIN-TOP OBSERVATORY.

HERE IT IS, MEN. THE PROFESSOR IS GOING TO LET US HELP HIM WATCH FOR METEORS BY RADAR TONIGHT!

THAT'LL BE SWELL, CAPTAIN TOOTSIE!

I SEE YOU HAVE ONE OF THE LATEST TYPE RADAR SETS, PROFESSOR! WILL YOU SHOW US HOW IT WORKS?

OF COURSE, CAPT. TOOTSIE, COME INTO THE LABORATORY!

YOU SEE, THE RADAR WAVES SWEEP OUT INTO SPACE AND ARE REFLECTED BACK TO THE RECEIVING SCREEN WHEN THEY HIT A METEOR OR OTHER OBJECT.

TRANSMITTING AND RECEIVING AERIAL

OBJECT SPACE

RADAR PULSES

SCREEN

VERY INTERESTING!

AND HERE'S THE VIEWING SCREEN, EH, PROFESSOR?

YES, I'VE TURNED IT ON ALREADY.

LOOK! I SEE SOMETHING COMING THIS WAY!

HERE IS WHAT CAPT. TOOTSIE AND HIS SECRET LEGION MEMBERS SEE ON THE RADAR VIEWING SCREEN

A PLANE! BUT WHAT'S IT DOING WAY UP HERE IN THE MOUNTAINS?

IT'S CIRCLING FOR A LANDING! BUT THERE'S NO PLACE FOR IT TO LAND NEAR HERE!

HELLO, AIRPORT! HELLO, AIRPORT! BLAST IT, MY RADIOS OUT AND I'M LOST IN THESE MOUNTAINS! HAVE TO TRY A CRASH LANDING!

HE'S CRASHING IN THE VALLEY BELOW! THE PILOT'LL BE BURNED ALIVE!

QUICK, EVERYBODY! EAT THESE TOOTSIE ROLLS! WE'LL NEED LOTS OF ENERGY TO SAVE HIM!

CRASH

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? I'VE GOT TO GET YOU OUT OF HERE BEFORE THE GAS TANKS BLOW UP!

MY LEGS CAUGHT— I'M STUCK!

THERE GO THE TANKS! YOU GOT US AWAY JUST IN TIME!

HE'S ALL RIGHT NOW! ONLY A SPRAINED LEG!

AFTER THAT EXCITEMENT, TOOTSIE ROLLS ALL AROUND OUGHT TO HIT THE SPOT.

I'M LUCKY TO BE ALIVE! THANKS TO CAPT. TOOTSIE!

EH, FELLOWS?

YOU DON'T NEED RADAR TO DISCOVER HOW SWELL A Tootsie Roll IS!

IT'S GOOD CHOCOLATEY TASTE AND GOOD INGREDIENTS SEND QUICK, SPARKLING ENERGY TO YOUR MUSCLES. WOW! YOU'LL HAVE SOME ZIP— AND SOME FUN EATING CHEWY Tootsie ROLLS!

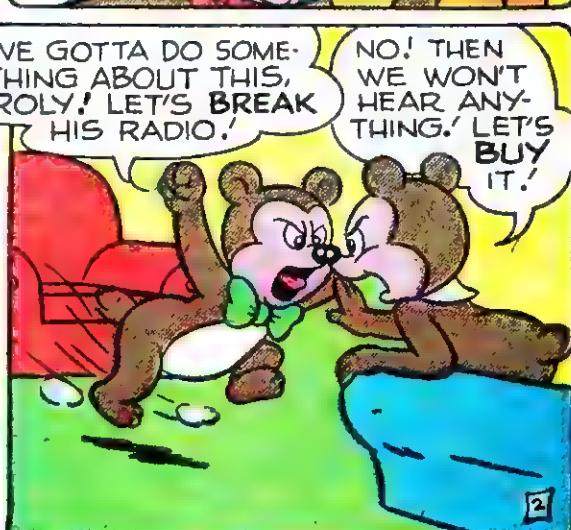
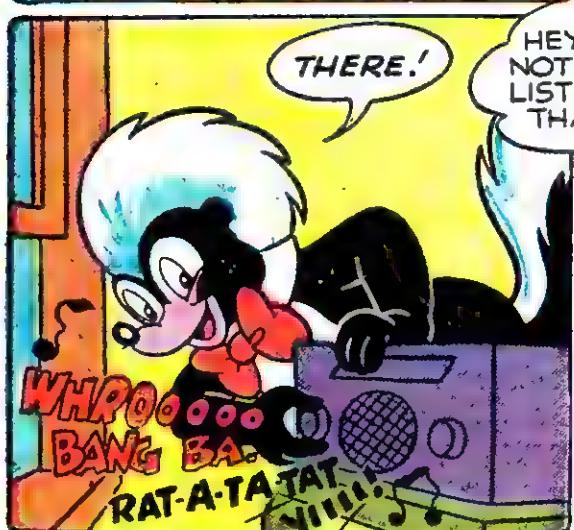
Tootsie
Roll

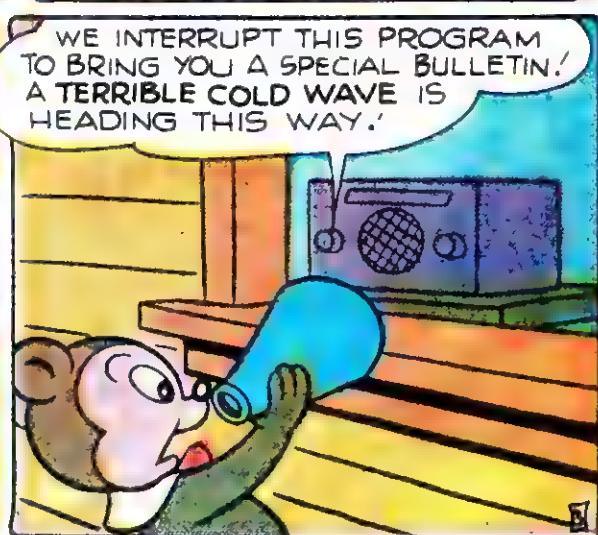
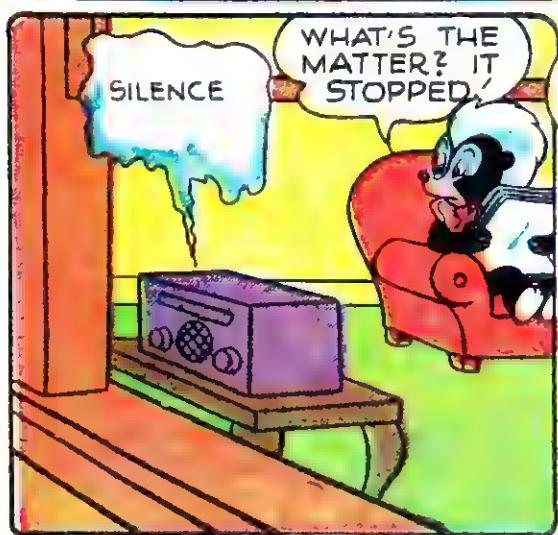
Tootsie Roll



ROLY AND POLY









IT'S DUE ANY MINUTE! IT'LL BE COLDER THAN THE NORTH POLE! PUT ON ALL YOUR CLOTHES! AT ONCE!

OH, MY!

THIS IS TERRIBLE! COLDER THAN THE NORTH POLE!

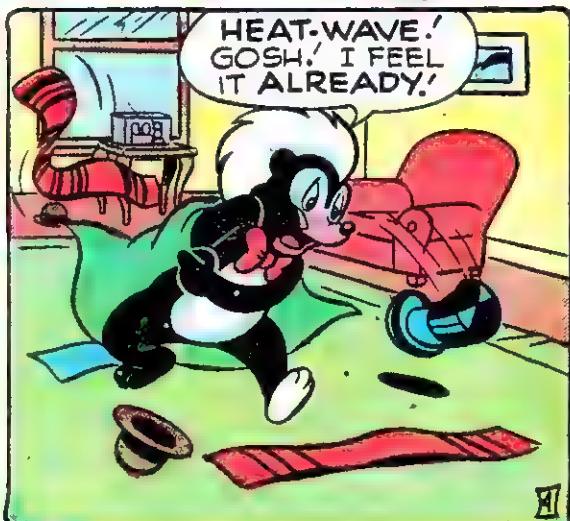
I HOPE THIS IS ENOUGH! MAYBE I SHOULD WRAP SOME BLANKETS AROUND ME...

FLASH! ATTENTION! THAT COLD-WAVE HAS SHIFTED AWAY! IT'S NOT COMING!

WHAT...? OH, BOY! I'M GLAD TO HEAR THAT!

BUT A TERRIFIC HEAT-WAVE IS DUE ANY MINUTE! IT WILL BE SCORCHING! PREPARE YOURSELF! THAT IS ALL!

HEAT-WAVE! GOSH! I FEEL IT ALREADY!





W-WHAT'S H-H-HOLDING UP
THAT HEAT W-WAVE. I'M
W-WAITIN' FOR IT!



BUT
ATTENTION
EVERYONE! A
FLOOD IS HEADING
THIS WAY! THE
DAM HAS BURST!
SEEK SAFETY
IMMEDIATELY!
HURRY!

YIPES!
A FLOOD!
AND I CAN'T
SWIM!

EXTRA-SPECIAL
BULLETIN! THAT
HEAT WAVE WENT
THE OTHER WAY!

OKAY, ROLY,
GIVE HIM THE
NEXT ONE.



THE ROOF!
THAT'S MY ONLY
CHANCE! I'LL
GO ON THE
ROOF AND
AWAIT MY
RESCUE!

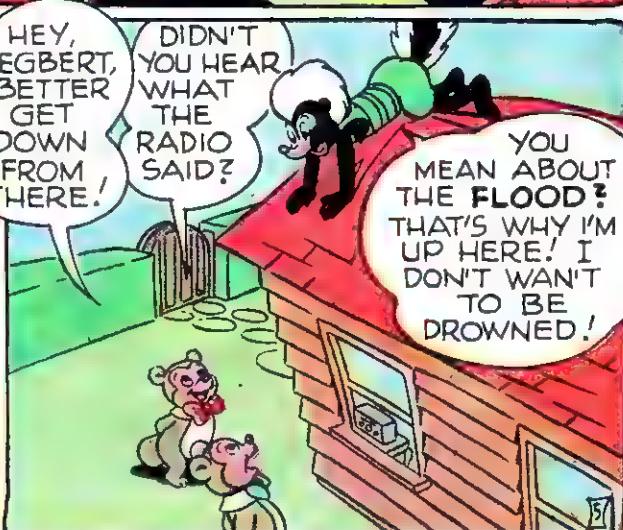


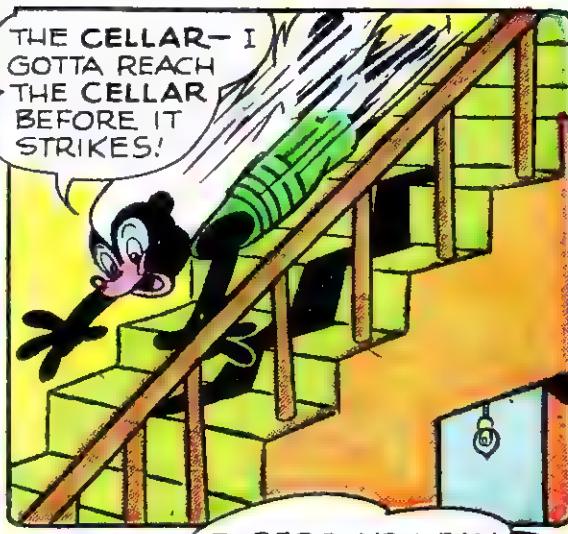
I DON'T SEE
IT YET!

HEY,
EGBERT,
BETTER
GET
DOWN
FROM
THERE!

DIDN'T
YOU HEAR
WHAT
THE
RADIO
SAID?

YOU
MEAN ABOUT
THE FLOOD?
THAT'S WHY I'M
UP HERE! I
DON'T WAN'T
TO BE
DROWNED!



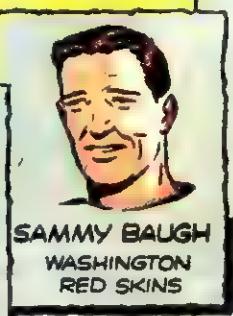


"HEY, FELLOWS
LOOK WHO WE'VE GOT!..."

FOOTBALL'S BIGGEST STARS SHOW YOU
INSIDE FOOTBALL



SID LUCKMAN
CHICAGO BEARS



SAMMY BAUGH
WASHINGTON
RED SKINS



DON HUTSON
GREEN BAY
PACKERS

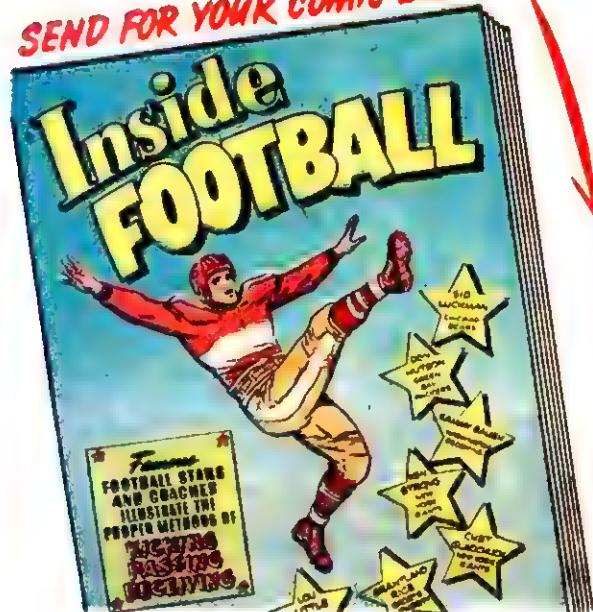


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NEW YORK GIANTS



CHET GLADCHUK
NEW YORK GIANTS

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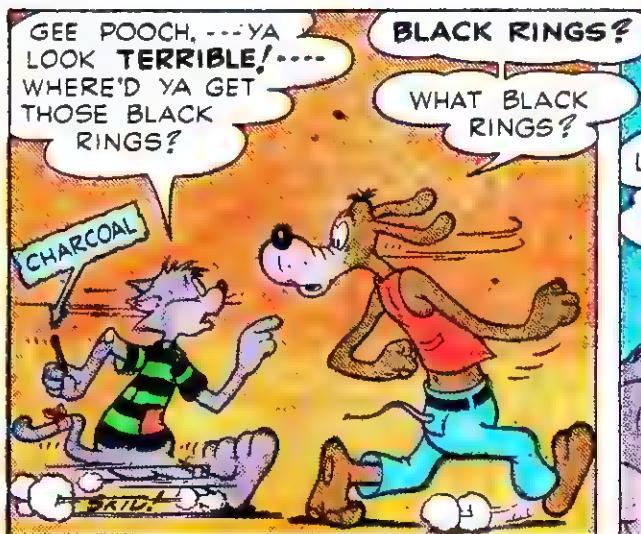
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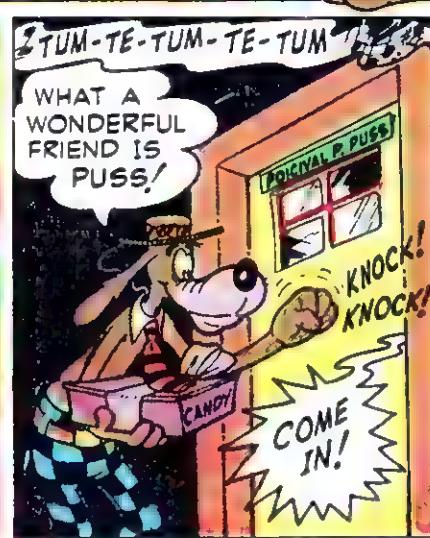
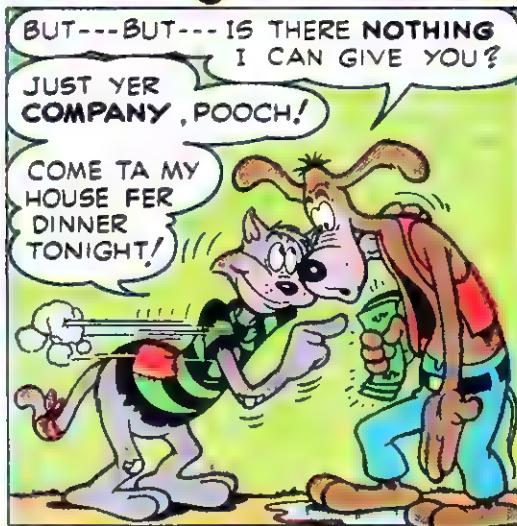


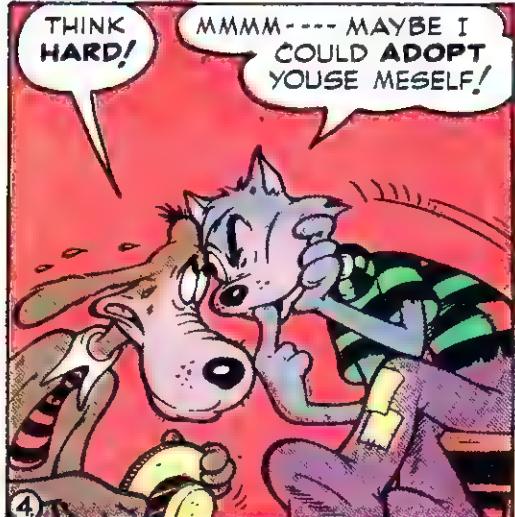
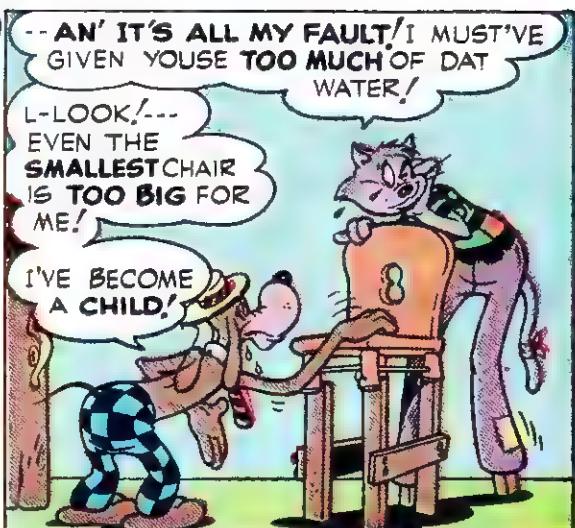
PUSS 'N' POOCH

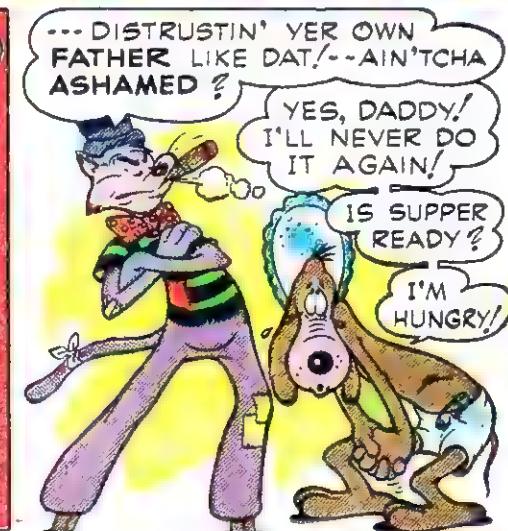
LOOKA DAT POOCH,
WALLOWIN' IN WEALT'---
WHILE HERE AM I,
POICIVAL P. PUSS, A
PENNILESS PAUPER!

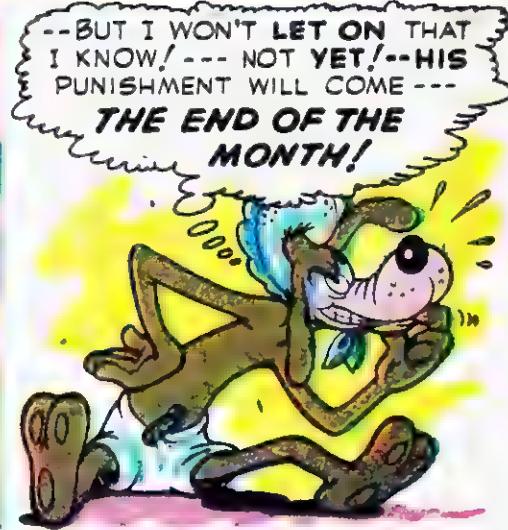
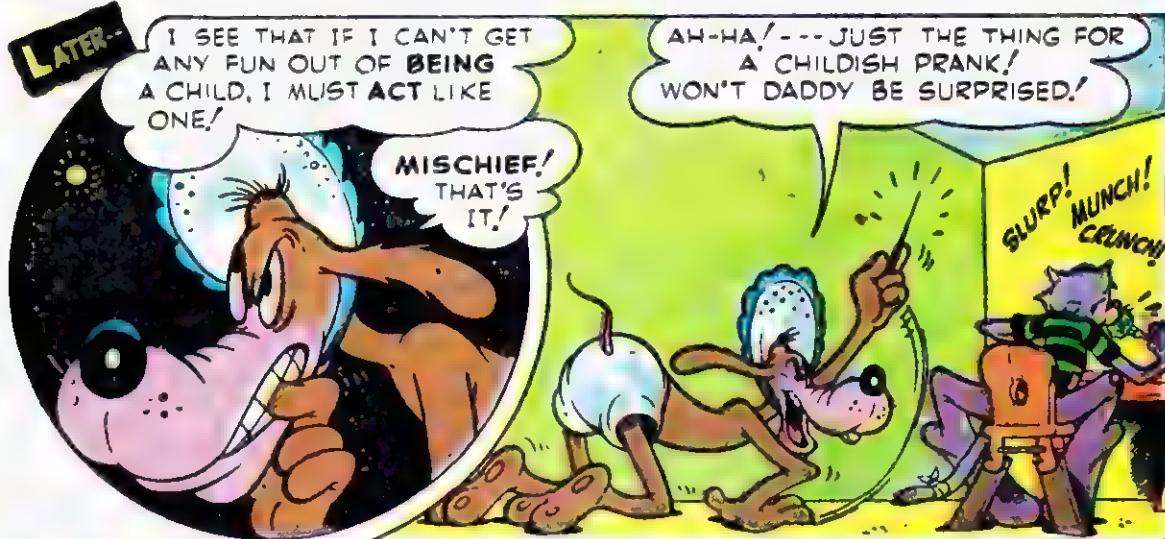


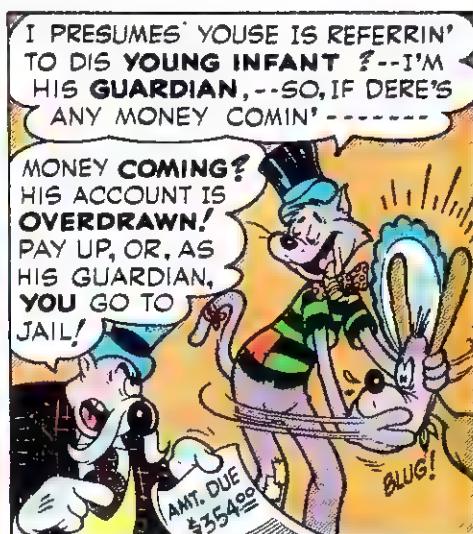
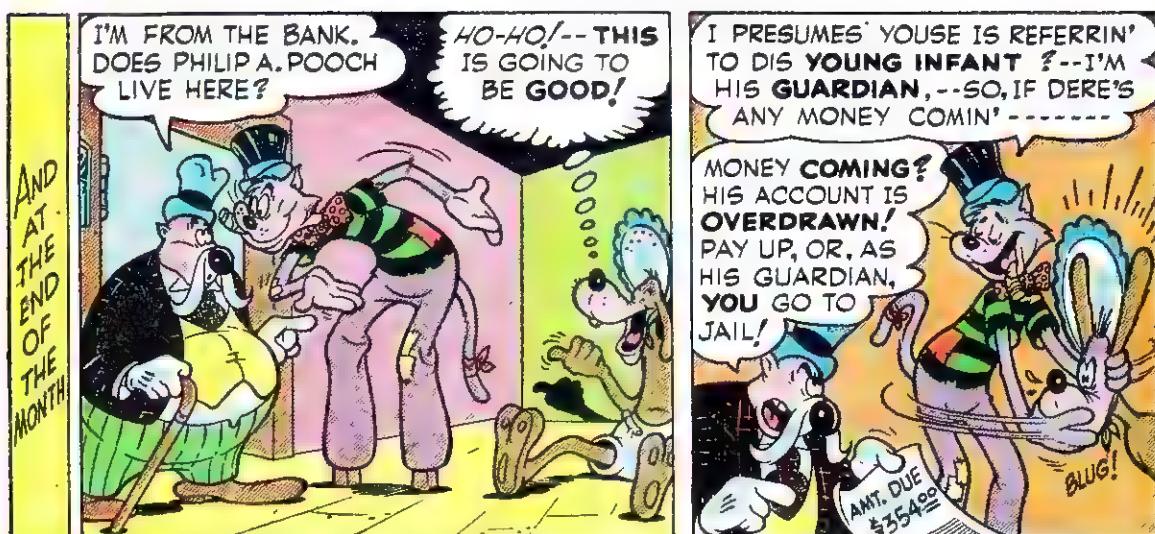


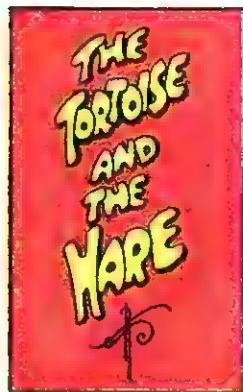












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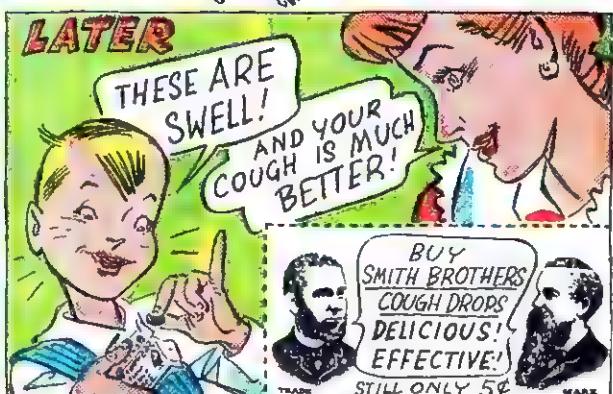
juniorjim ... by S.B. Black



SMITH BROTHERS COUGH DROPS HELP

- 1 Ease Tickles
- 2 Soothe Membranes
- 3 Loosen phlegm

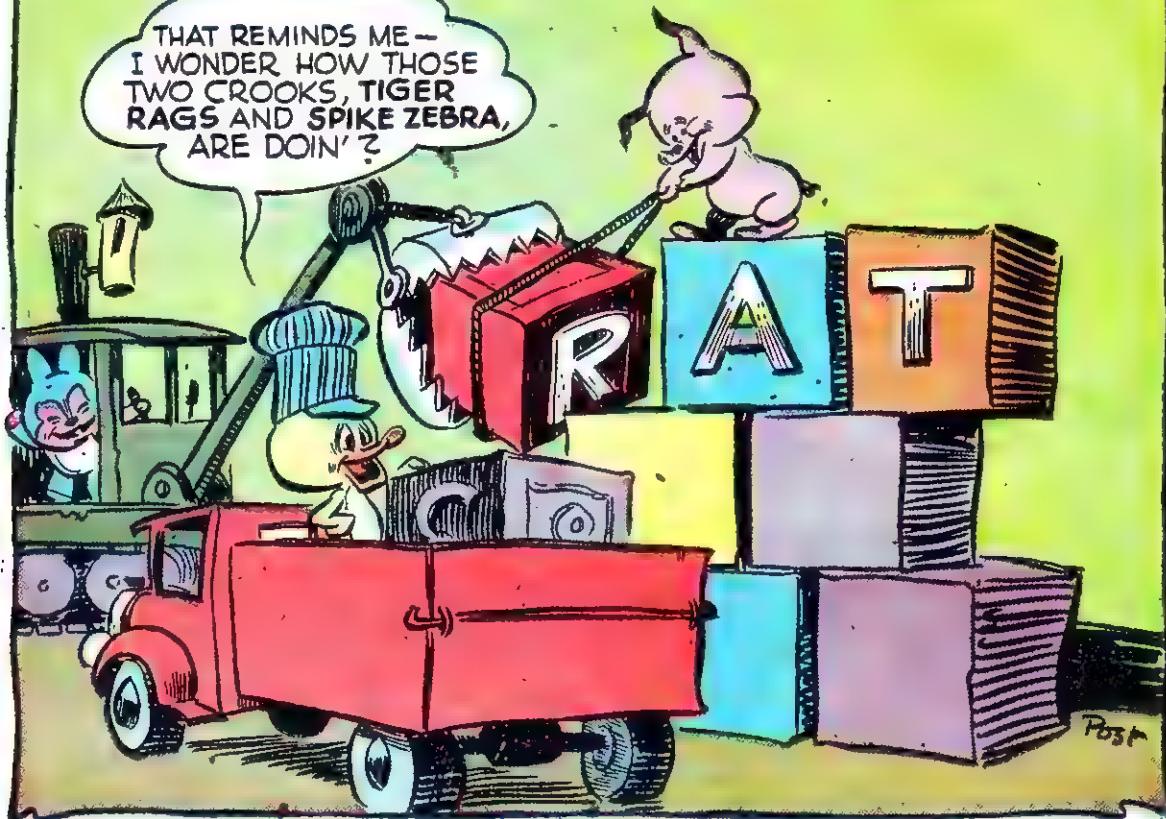
*for coughs due to colds

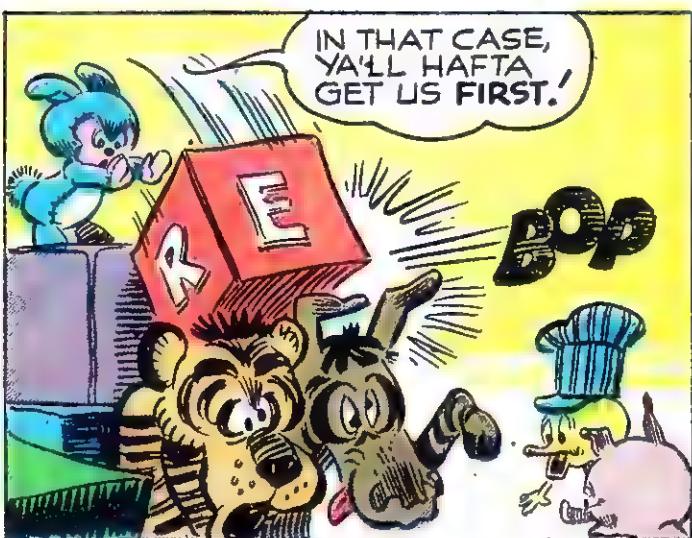
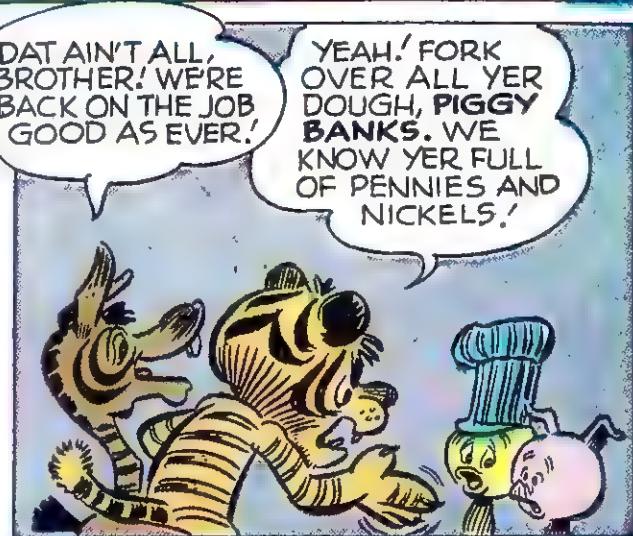
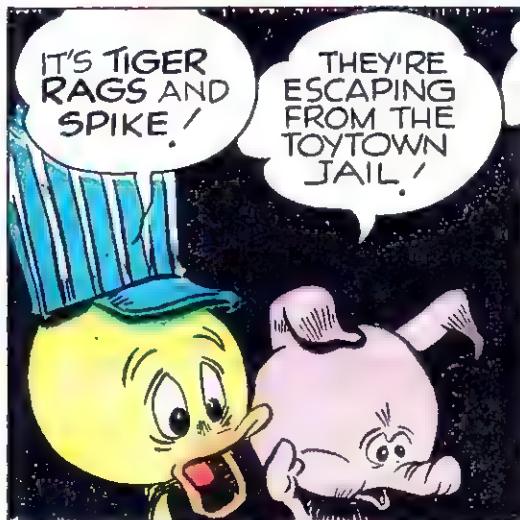
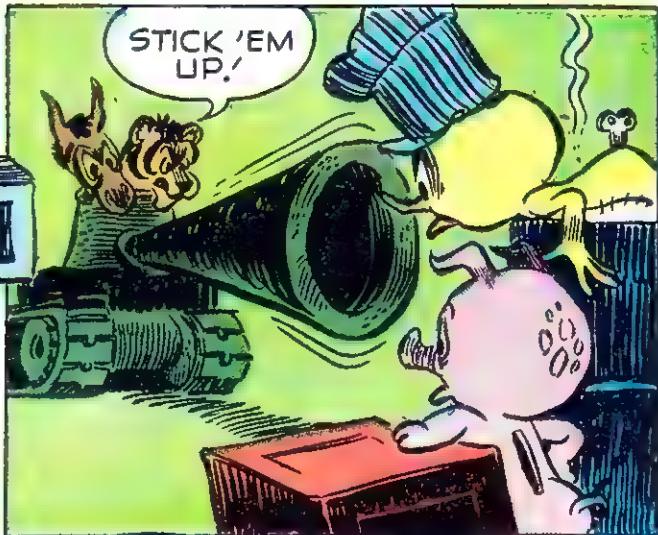


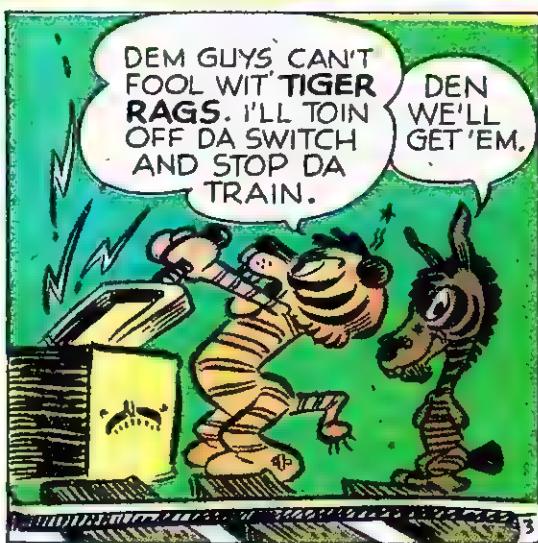
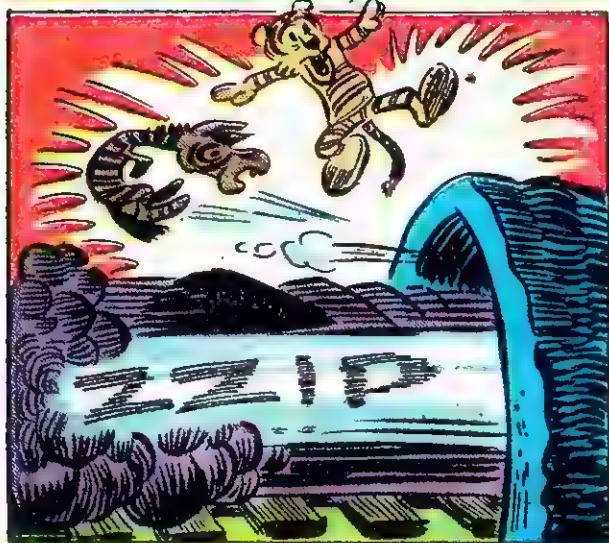
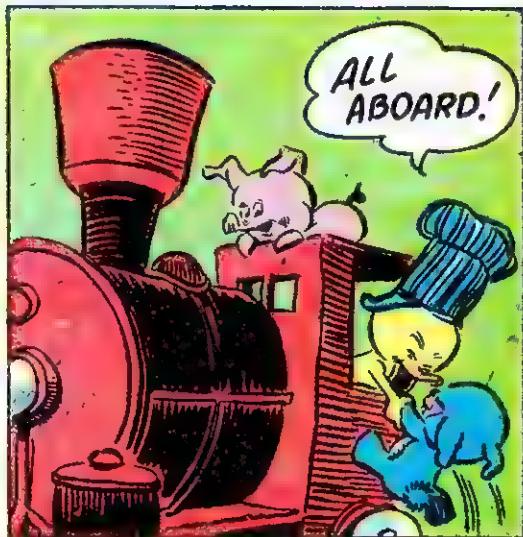
DOODLES DUCK

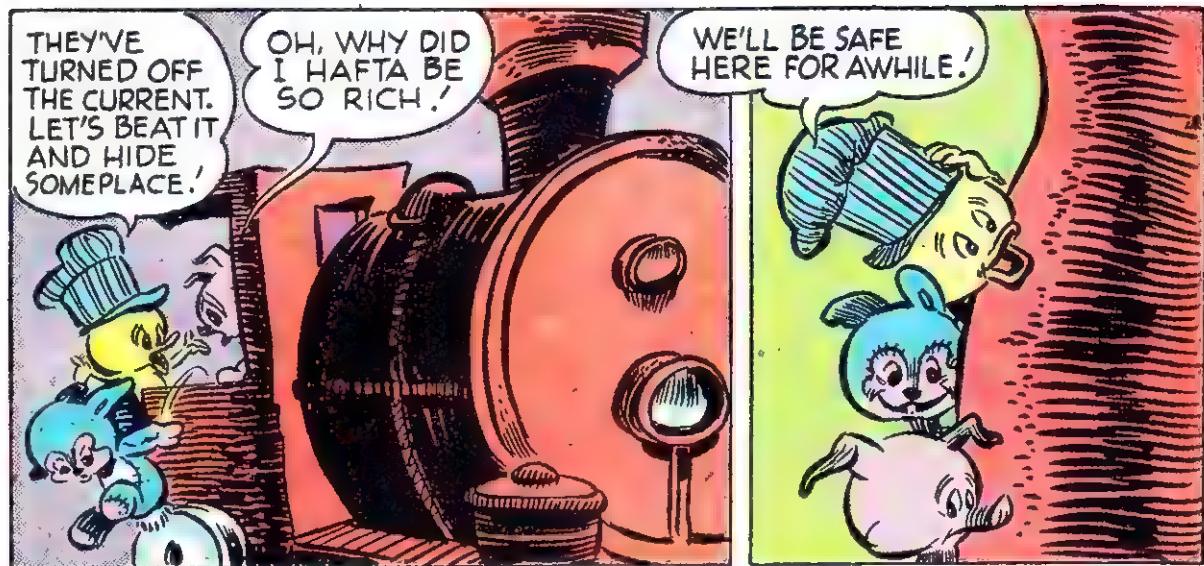
and his Toyland Playmates

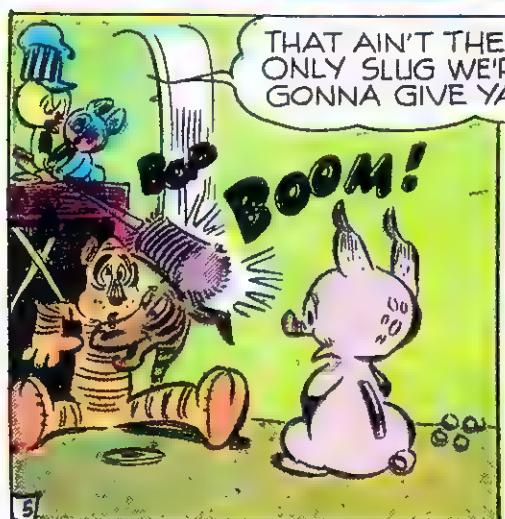
THAT REMINDS ME—
I WONDER HOW THOSE
TWO CROOKS, TIGER
RAGS AND SPIKE ZEBRA,
ARE DOIN'?













•FREE BOXING LESSONS•

OKAY, WILLIE WOODCHUCK.
THAT'S ALL FOR THIS
LESSON. NEXT!

GEE, IT'S SWELL
OF KANGARUDY TO
GIVE US LESSONS —
AN' HE NEVER
HITS HARD.

TAP
TAP



WAIT'LL I SHAKE DESE
CHUNKS O' METAL DOWN ME
GLOVES. I'LL SHOW DAT
KANGARUDY WHO'S DE BEST
FIGHTER!

AH, SO
YOU'RE NEXT,
WILBER WOLF.

DAT'S RIGHT, SQUIT! —
AN' I'M GONNA MOIDER YUZ!



HA! HA!
HOW D'YOUSE
LIKE IT!

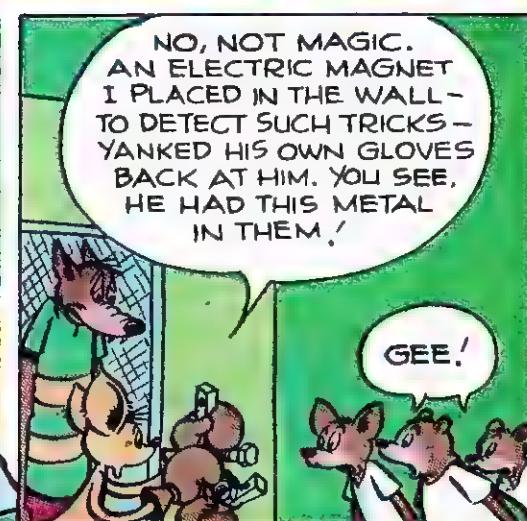
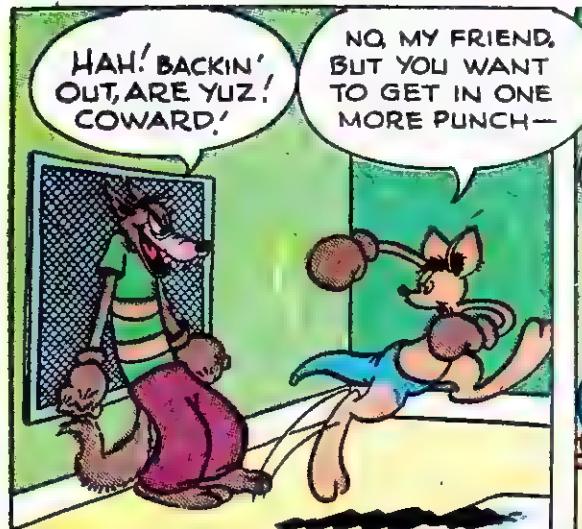
WHY, I CAN'T
BELIEVE IT! —
KANGARUDY IS GROGGY!



SOMETHING'S
WRONG HERE—
I'VE GOT TO GET
HIM OVER TO
THE WALL!

OKAY, WISE GUY.
I CAN STAND
DIS. ALL I WANT
IS T'CONNECT
ONE MORE PUNCH!
JUST ONE!

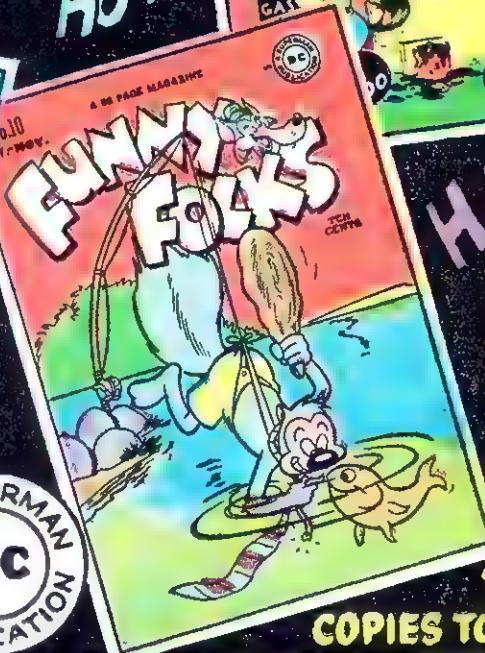
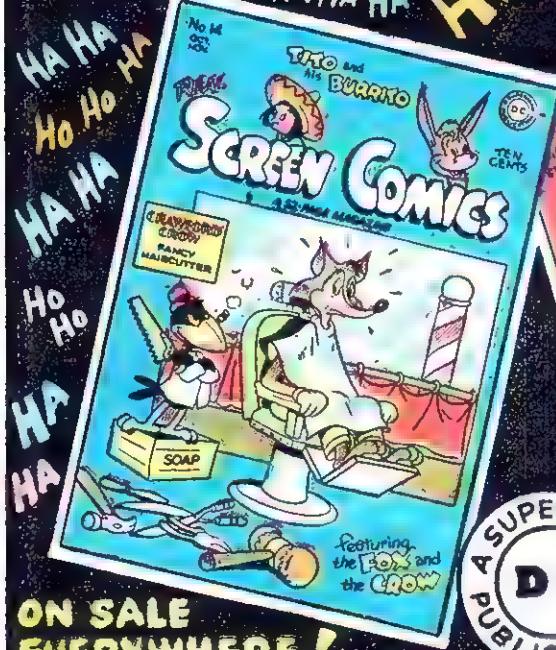
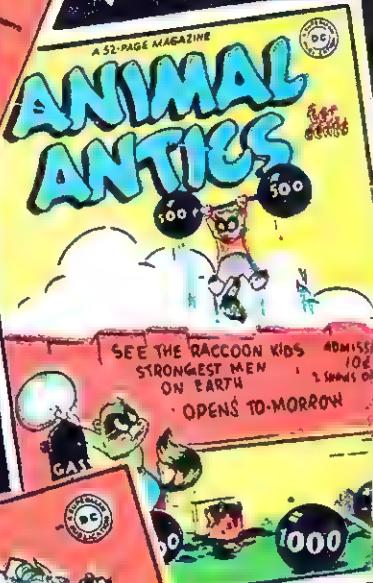
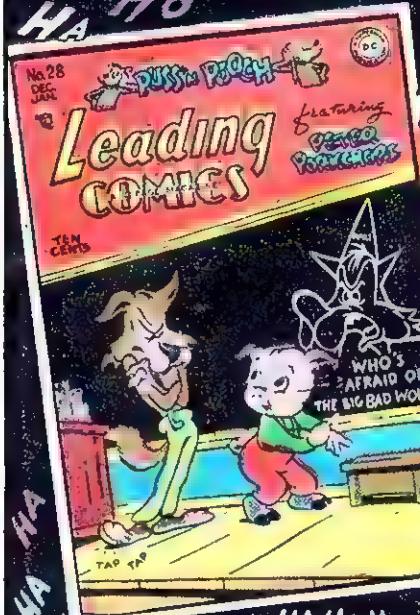




THE END

WANT A BARREL OF LAUGHS?

DON'T MISS A SINGLE
ONE OF THESE
MAGAZINES!



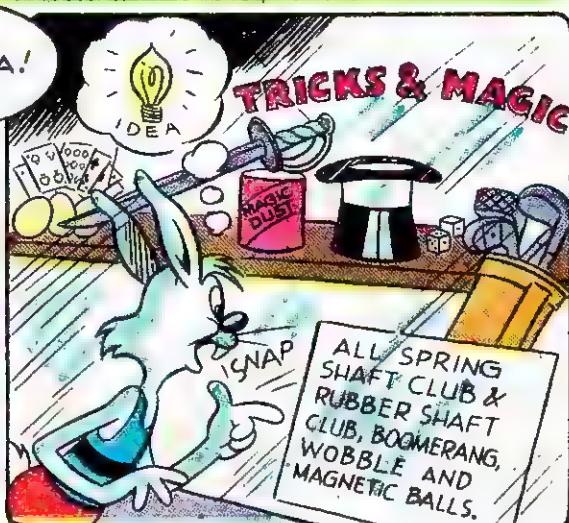
ON SALE
EVERYWHERE!



THE TORTOISE AND THE HARE



GOTTA BEAT THAT
TORTOISE! JUST GOTTA!
JUST GOTTA!





HELLO THROCKY!
HOW ABOUT A GAME
OF GOLF TOMORROW?

OKAY, HARRY! I NEED THE
EXERCISE — AND THE MONEY.
HA, HA!



THAT NIGHT...

THIS MAGNET WILL
ATTRACT MY MAGNET-
IZED GOLF BALL
AND I'LL MAKE THIS
HOLE IN ONE SHOT!

M-M-M— AS
USUAL! HARRY'S
PLANNING A
CROOKED GAME
AGAINST COUSIN
THROCKMORTON!



HE WON'T SLEEP
THAT PEACEFULLY
AFTER HE USES
THESE TRICK
CLUBS.

STILL LATER... TSK! TSK! HOW
CAN SUCH A CROOKED
MIND SLEEP LIKE A
BABY? I'LL TAKE THROCKY'S
CLUBS BACK TO HIM
AND LEAVE THESE
TRICK ONES.



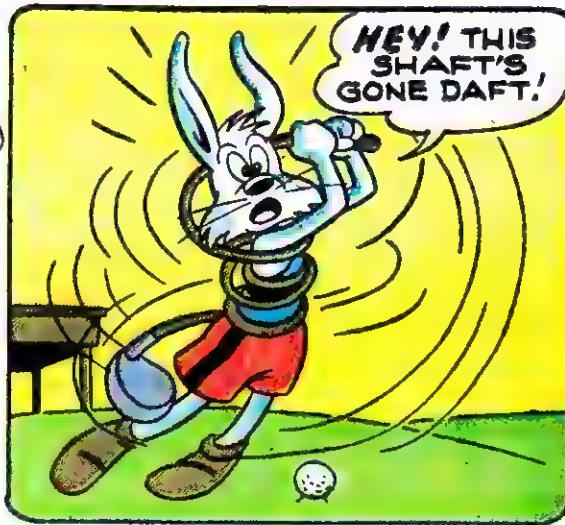


NEXT DAY, AT THE FIRST TEE...

WELL, WHAT DO YOU
KNOW! I MADE A
HOLE IN ONE.'

HUH? I
WAS
SUPPOSED
TO DO THAT.

HEY! THIS
SHAFT'S
GONE DAFT!



SEE YOU AT THE
NEXT HOLE,
HARRY!

THINGS AREN'T
GOING LIKE
I PLANNED!

WELL! WELL! MY
BALL STOPPED JUST
AT THE EDGE OF
THE CUP!

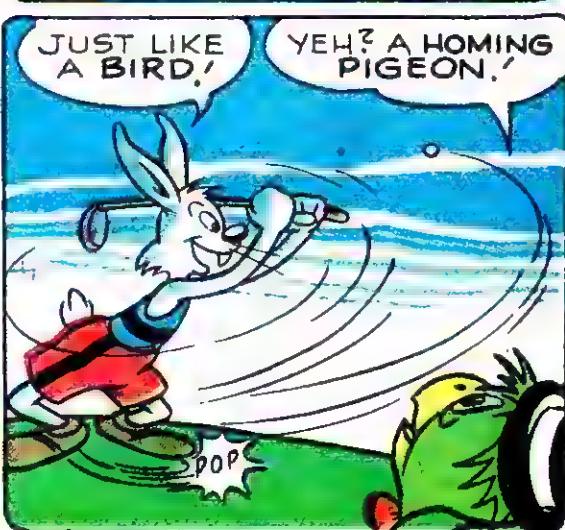
WAIT'LL YOU
SEE MY
SHOT—

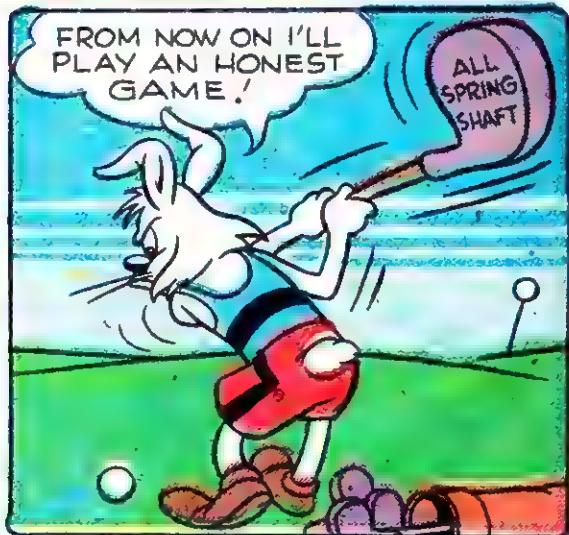
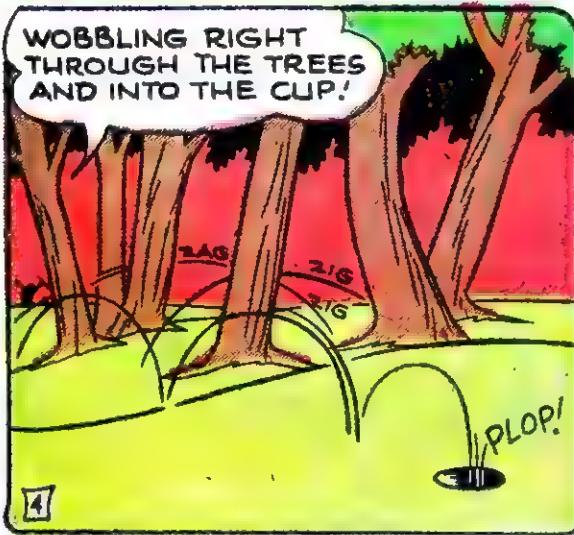
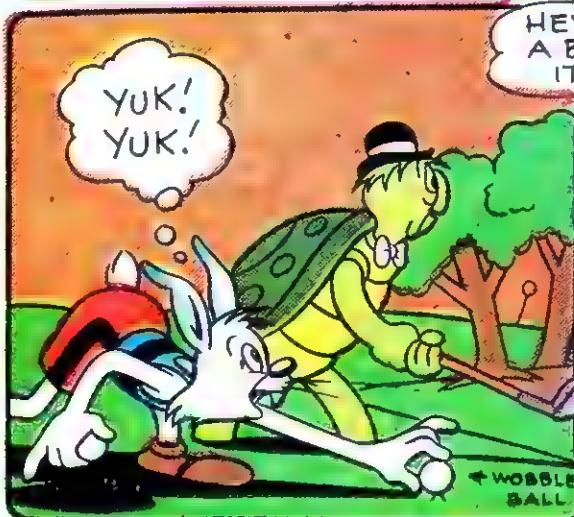
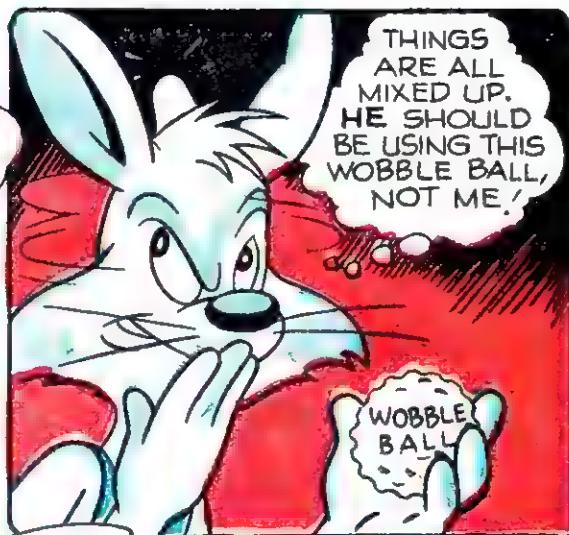
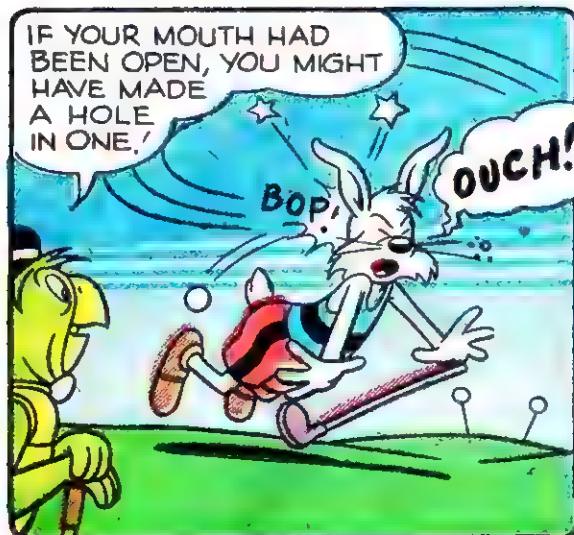


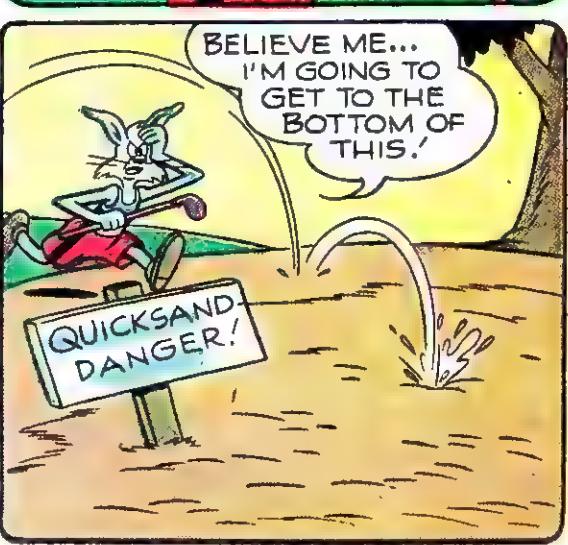
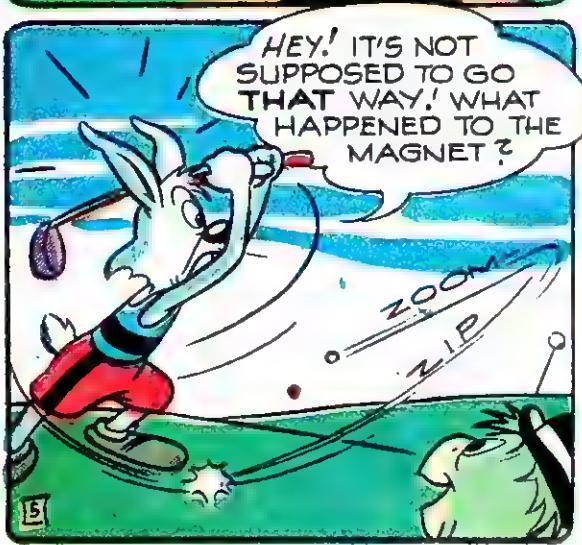
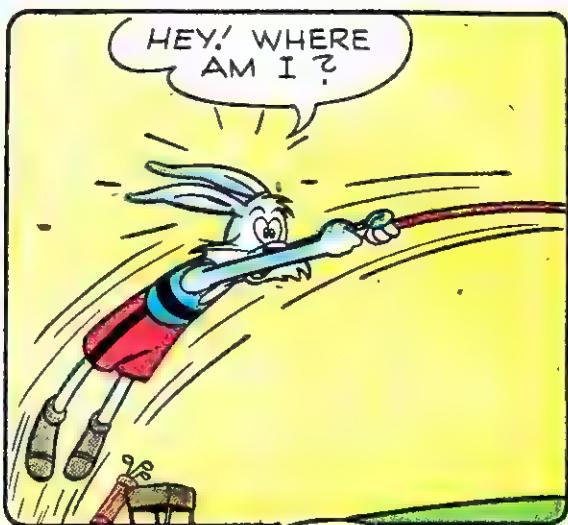
JUST
WATCH!

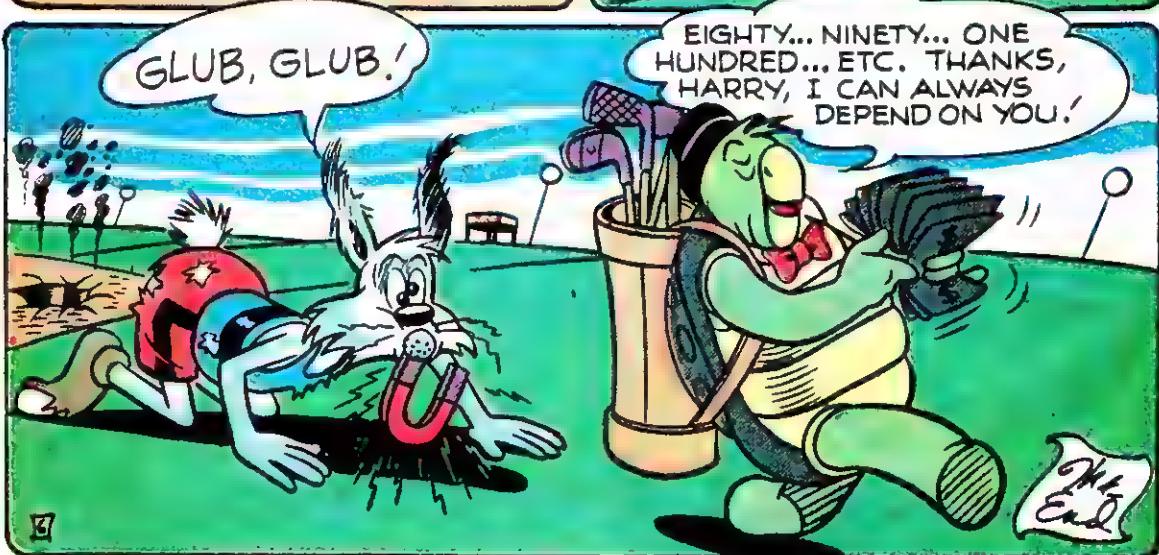
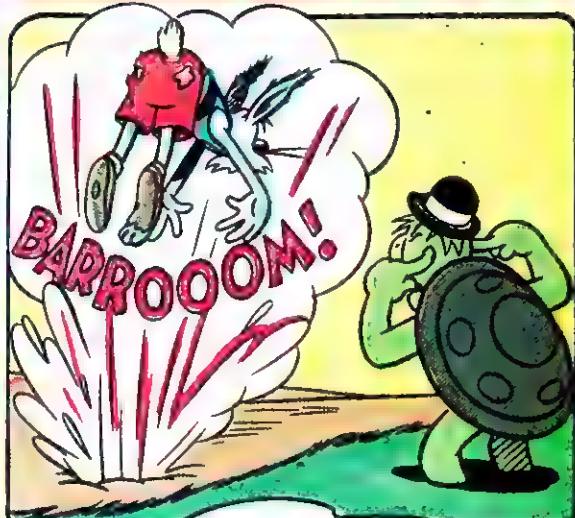
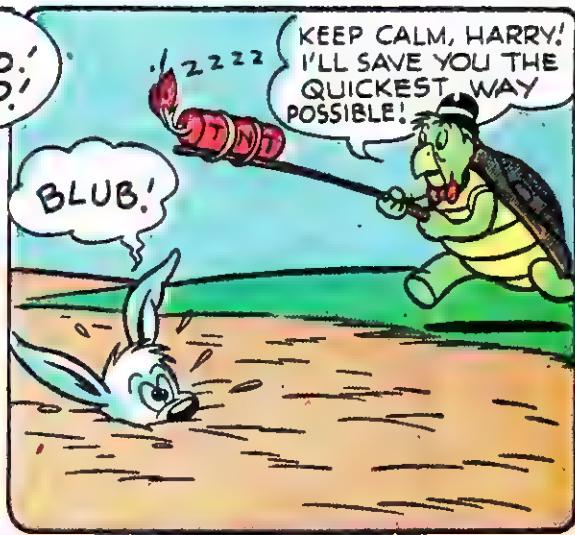
JUST LIKE
A BIRD!

YEH? A HOMING
PIGEON!











PATRICK PARROT'S UNNATURAL HISTORY

TRANSLATED FROM
THE ANIMAL LANGUAGE
by JESSE MERLAN

WHY PARROTS TALK SO MUCH

THE JUNGLE was waking to a new day. As the daylight grew stronger, so did the volume of bird and animal sounds. It seemed as if every creature wanted to express his feeling of joy over the coming of the new day.

And next thing on the program, was to make for a cool shady pool. There one would meet and greet friend and crony, but there was little loitering. Each would say his little piece, partake of the refreshing water and go his way—for a day's work was to be done.

But, of course, there's always one exception to every rule. And that was Patrick Parrot. He never was one to go down to the pool, say how-de-do, and then take himself off about his business. He always stayed around a while trying to make conversation with anybody who was unlucky enough to be within hearing.

There were quite a few already at the pool when Philo Fox came tearing pell-mell through the brush.

"Cheese it, fellows. Take your drink and run. Old Blabber-Mouth will be here in a minute," he yelled.

"Uh-uh," said Roscoe Rabbit, "and me

with an ear-ache already. I'm on my way."

And with a hop, skip and jump he was gone.

Elmer Elephant, however, was more tolerant, as were Horace Hippo and Bertram Bear. All three were big, burly and good-natured. They didn't mind Pat's talk and, as it took quite a while to quench their huge thirsts, they just let him jabber away while they drank.

"Top of the morning, boys," said Pat. "It's a fine day, isn't it? Hope you all had a good night. I did. Slept like a top, and had a wonderful dream. It seems I was—"

With a twinkle in his eye, Elmer Elephant squirted a tiny stream of water through his trunk at Pat, which completely flooded him.

Pat spluttered, and shook the water from his bright green feathers. He was quite surprised.

"Say, what's the idea, Elmer? You know I hate morning showers."

"Oh, don't mind him, grinned Bert Bear. "He's just teasing you."

"What for? What did I do? What did I say? I only—" began Pat.

"That's just it," replied Bert, shutting him off. "It isn't what you say—it's how much. And, by the way, it's about time you really gave us the low-down on that. You've told us why Elmer is so nosey, why Horace has such a big mouth, and why I sleep all winter. We've been wondering why Pat Parrot talks so much. Would you mind telling us—in a few words, of course?"

"Well, I declare! I'm a parrot of few words compared to some I've heard tell of. But if you insist— This story comes straight down to me from my great-great grandparrot, who got it from his and so on, back to the very beginning of time. It seems that, in those days, we parrots were quite different in appearance and voice from what we are now. No beautiful green plumage, no pleasing voice such as we have today.

"Instead we had coal-black feathers and voices like nightingales, which some people believe are so wonderful. Humph! Well, anyway, this ancestor of mine was called Philip. And he didn't want to sing like a nightingale. He wanted to sing like a canary.

"So he sought out the greatest singer of that day, and took lessons from him. After a few years of study, Philip the Parrot could whistle and sing almost as well as the canary.

"Well, Philip Parrot still wasn't satisfied. He wanted to do more than just sing like a bird. He wanted to talk like a man as well. So, one day, he packed his belongings, took

leave of his friends, and departed for the land of the Cave-men.

"He flew down towards one of the caves, and perched over the entrance.

Something was going on there, and he couldn't make heads or tails of it. One of the Cave-men was sitting in some sort of a high stone chair, while another walked around it, and, with a sharp stone instrument, was doing something to the head of the man in the chair.

"But that wasn't what delighted Philip. It was the strange and continuous noises the man with the instrument kept making. Once in a while the fellow in the chair would give a short grunt. But the other man! From his lips came a constant stream of sounds—enchanting, lovely sounds, without a let-up. The noises just flowed—they exploded, they whispered, they were calm or excited, and they never stopped.

"Every day, thereafter, Philip perched over the entrance, and listened and tried to learn these strange new sounds. And he seemed to be making progress too, but one day—"

Pat Parrot stopped talking, for he had just noticed something. His audience was sound asleep.

"Well, I declare," said Pat in disgust "they went to sleep on me!"

"Hey, wait a minute, Pat," called Bert. "We were just kidding—we weren't asleep. Finish the story."

Pat snorted as he turned around and shouted:

"My ancestor fell into a vat of hair tonic, which turned his feathers green. He caught cold, which made him lose his voice, and he got so mad at that barber that his descendants have been trying to learn the language ever since, so at least one of us could out-talk a barber some day."

"Believe that or not," concluded Pat.



DUSTY AND RUSTY

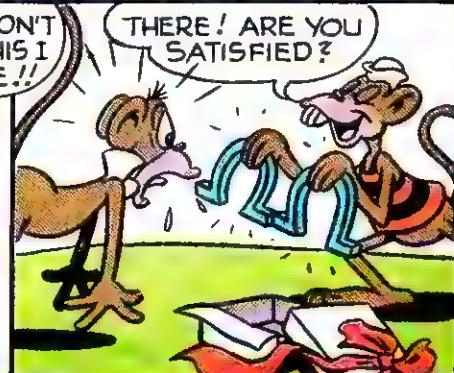


SO WHAT! IS THAT SOMETHING TO BE SO HAPPY ABOUT?

SURE! I WAS LUCKY ENOUGH TO GET A PAIR OF SHOES FOR HIM THAT WON'T WEAR OUT FOR YEARS!

SHOES THAT WON'T WEAR OUT!! THIS I GOTTA SEE!!

THERE! ARE YOU SATISFIED?



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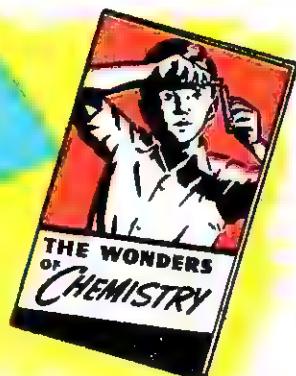
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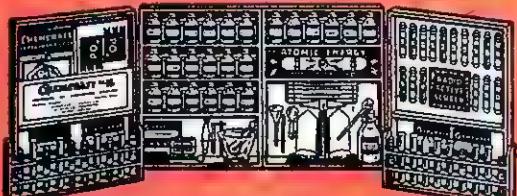
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AAAH - SPRING -
WHEN THE BIRDS
WARBLE AN' THE
BUDS BUD...



... AN' DELICIOUS AROMAS - ;SNIFF;
- ;SNIFF; WAFT THROUGH OPEN
RESTAURANT DOORS! MY
FAVORITE SEASON!

HERMAN'S HASH HOUSE

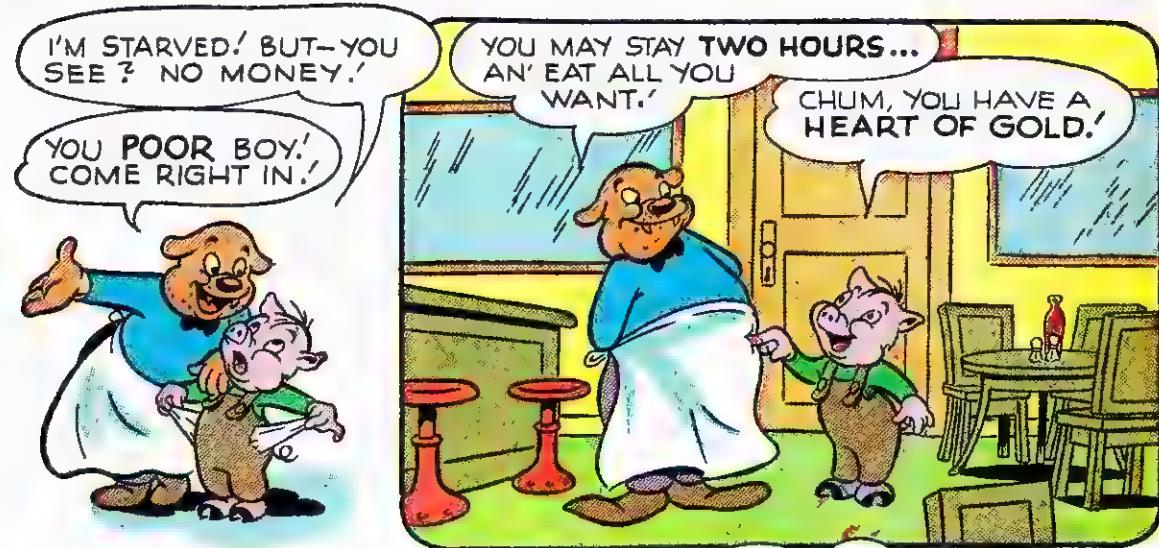


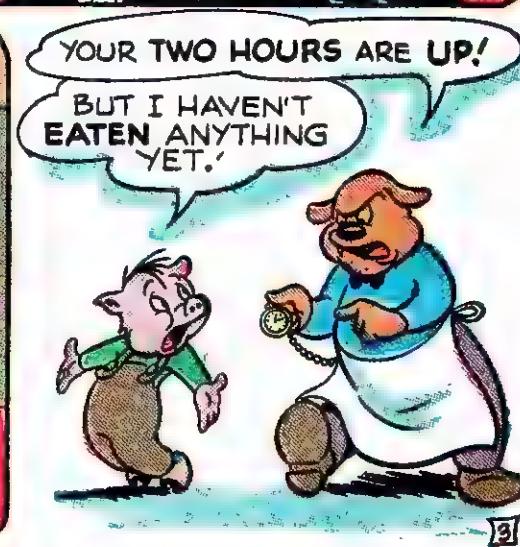
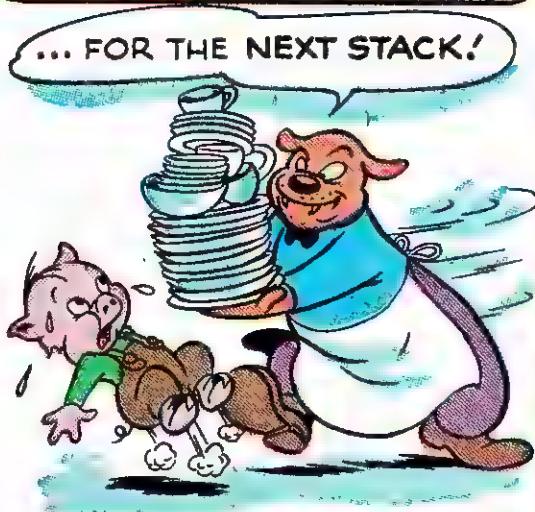
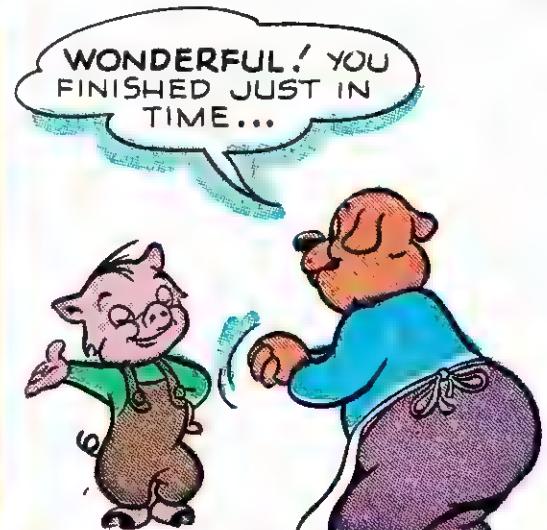
ANYTHIN' I CAN DO FOR YA, BUDDY?

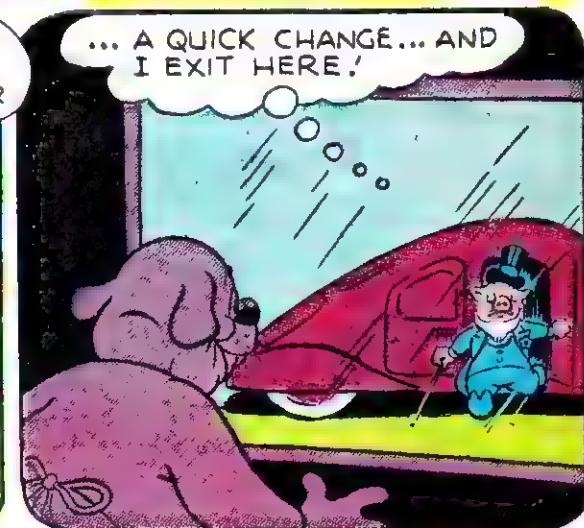
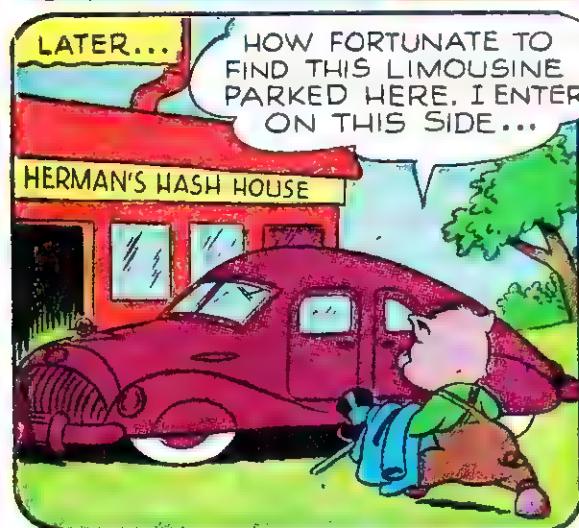
IS HE KIDDIN'?

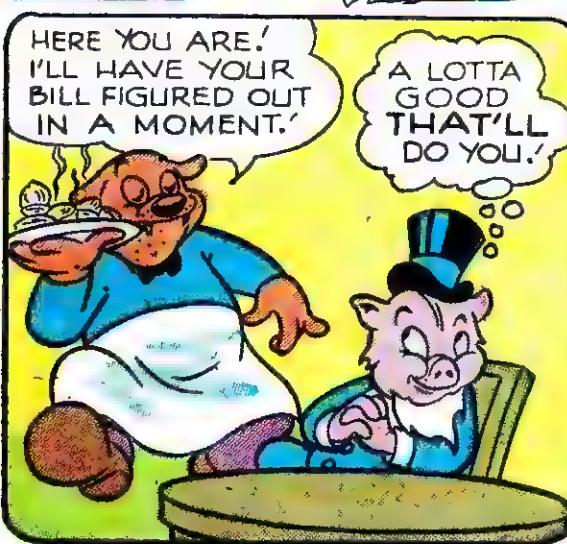
HERMAN'S HASH HOUSE

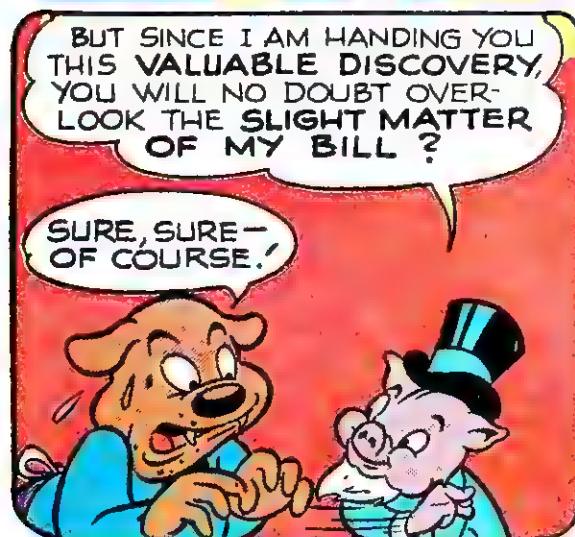












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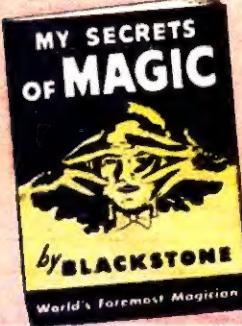
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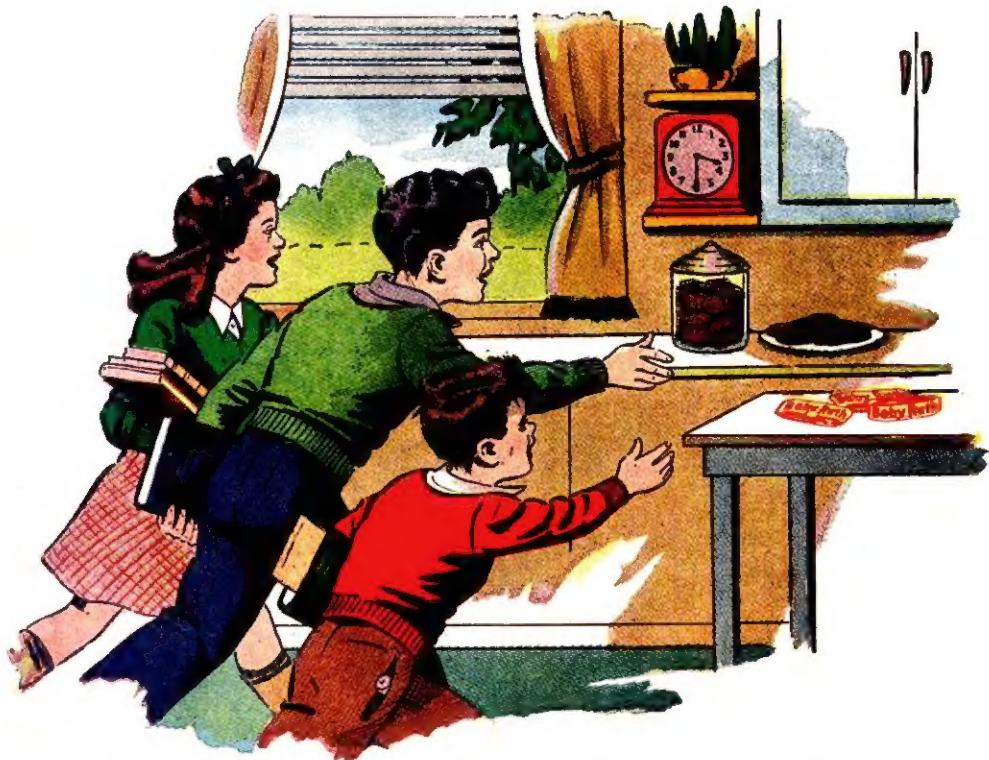
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